

5 issues
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I N S I D E

No. 1



INSIDE

A Publication of The Gateway, Undergraduate Newspaper of the University of Alberta, Edmonton.

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WHAT'S INSIDE

DATED SHAW OR SATED WESTGATE Page 2

A close look at the Edmonton Journal's inimitable drama critic and George Bernard Shaw by first year Honors English student John Thompson.

THE BEAST WITHIN Page 5

An analysis of the past decade's most discussed novel, *Lord of the Flies*, by Andy Brook, raising more questions than it answers.

THE RED PICTURE Page 8

An original short story by Donald W. Wells.

JAZZ NOTES Page 12

The first in a series of articles which will attempt to make jazz a subject a little less esoteric.

POEMS Pages 14, 15

INSIDE OUT Page 16

Dated

It was deeply touching to read Barry Westgate's plea for an *avant-garde* theatre in Edmonton, contained in his review of the production of *Candida* presented by the Banff School of Fine Arts.

To see the implacable foe of 812 come out for an abandonment of the conventional, for something *NEW*, something *ORIGINAL*, is to witness an event almost as moving as Saul's conversion on the road to Damascus.

And when Mr. Westgate condemns local theatre's habit of producing facsimiles of venerable Broadway hits, I think he is on very solid ground.

But what shall we do with a critic who is capable of a pair of sentences so ridiculous as "*But George Bernard Shaw? Who needs him in 1964?*"

I wonder if Mr. Westgate has ever read the later, largely unperformed plays of Bernard Shaw. I wonder if he would consider *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* conventional and unadventurous, dismissable in the same breath as "a venerable Broadway hit".

Would he not agree that a really successful production of *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* would be a triumph for the sort of intimate experimental theatre he is apparently dreaming of?

* * *

And (to attack Mr. Westgate from a slightly different angle), what does he mean when he calls *Candida* dated? I can recall no entertainment in Edmonton that Mr. Westgate has praised more fulsomely than *Lilies of the Field*. Which of these dramatic works represents the more "timely" trend in Christian thought?

In *Candida*, Christianity is represented by the Reverend James Mavor Morell. Morell is a marvellous depiction of the rather self-consciously Socially Conscious Christian. (Or at least he is in the play as Shaw wrote it; I will discuss later whether the Banff production adequately brought this out.)

Now while Morell's specific crusades against unfair labor practices and for Christian Socialism may be dated, the view of Christianity which he represents—that of

Shaw or Sated Westgate?

It's unfair to subject Westgate's reviews to the scrutiny we might give the writings of a more logical mind, says
John Thompson

Christianity being an active instrument for social reform—is still very much with us. I think of Canon Collins in England, with the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament and other projects; and I think of Martin Luther King in the American South.

Lilies of the Field, on the other hand, dealt with a group of nuns trying to make a go of it in the American Southwest.

Now whether one takes the plot to be a celebration of the virtues of the useful monastic life, or of Nineteenth-Century Pioneer Spirit at its best, the fact remains that the Christianity represented by the nuns is (perhaps deplorably) virtually dead in mid-century North America. (The film itself stated as much by representing the nuns as refugees from Eastern Europe, and by contrasting them with a rather useless American priest.)

Thus *Candida* easily outranks *Lilies of the Field* in contemporary relevance; yet I did not notice Mr. Westgate complaining that the latter was “dated”.

But of course it is hardly fair to subject Barry Westgate's reviews to the logical scrutiny we might give the writings of a more analytical mind.

* * *

It has become quite evident that Mr. Westgate is emphatically more of a “feeler” than a thinker.

And this is quite all right; many of the greatest critics have relied upon their subjective reactions to the plays they have had to deal with, rather than upon a firm set of aesthetic preconceptions, rational and capable of being clearly set forth.

Indeed, since the “feeling” critic witnesses the play from a standpoint very similar to the “lay” audience's, it is probable that his judgments are more immediately valuable than those of his more rational colleagues.

Mr. Westgate's intuitions, then, are far from valueless. But the downfall of the purely subjective critic comes when he tries to give reasons for his impressions. Having no critical scaffolding to support him, he is reduced to uncertainty. And he may frankly acknowledge this uncertainty, or he may disguise it by over-assertion.

The particular form of over-assertion to which Mr. Westgate seems especially prone is the Sweeping Generalization.

We saw this in his treatment of 812. Mr. Westgate certainly had every right to dislike the picture. But to go on from this to condemn *all* cinema with pretensions to art was excessive; and to condemn all of us who enjoy such films as affected, insincere snobs was unpardonable.

Mr. Westgate's strategy in dealing with *Candida* was very similar. Having quite correctly perceived that the play in its Banff production did not completely come off, he was faced with the task of explaining why it didn't.

He decided that the play itself was at fault.

This is perfectly proper critical procedure, regardless of the correctness of the decision. But presumably he felt he needed a more assertive statement to strengthen his position.

So we have the privilege of witnessing the grotesque spectacle of a grown and presumably quite sane man condemning *all* the works of one of this century's most prolific writers as outdated, on the basis of one or two loosely-reasoned objections to a single, early, rather untypical Shaw play.

Now for a few comments on the *Candida* production which Mr. Westgate should have made but didn't.

To begin with, Bernard Shaw is “the greatest contemporary satirist in English literature.” We do not have so many dramatists of genius that we can afford to do without his plays.

(concluded overleaf)

“ . . . Mr. Westgate is very easily bored and very savage in dealing with what bores him.”

Thus the question is not “Should we perform Shaw?” but rather “How can we perform Shaw best?”

How can we convey to an audience the wisdom, the kindness, the wit, the rage, the insight, the despair that the plays radiate as we read them?

How can we transcend his time and our time to reach the point at which the audience can echo Edmund Wilson’s wonderful phrase in description of Shavian drama: “an explanation that burned like a poem?”

What the Banff production needed, and what would have solved the “period piece” problem—Mr. Westgate was right in drawing our attention to the problem but wrong in blaming Shaw rather than the actors for it—was a good dose of Realism.

What we were given was Naturalism: that is, the clothes and the set were faithful to turn-of-the-century conditions, and the actors tried to be true to the turn-of-the-century instead of to the characters portrayed by Shaw.

The play’s ideas never had a chance. We take ideas seriously only when we are made to realize that they are the motive forces behind *people*; and, as the ideas become more remote from us through the passage of time, the need to emphasize the humanity of Shaw’s characters increases.

Mr. B. Iden Payne, distinguished director though he undoubtedly is, may not (having had his Shavian training at a time when *Candida* was topical enough that its topics reinforced its characters rather than the other way around) have quite realized how much human reality was needed.

But probably the trouble lay mainly in the young actors, who naturally have not quite the experience and skill necessary to portray inconsistent, humorous people (as opposed to consistent, farcical “types”).

* * *

Indeed we have noticed, especially in Mr. Westgate’s television criticism but also in his treatment of plays and movies, that Mr. Westgate is very easily bored and very savage in dealing with what bores him.

The advantage of possessing a “philosophy of criticism,” no matter how eccentric, is that it provides the critic with something interesting to think about when the events he is criticizing are not in themselves very important: Mr. Westgate, as we have seen, possesses nothing of the sort.

He prefers to take the viewpoint of the ordinary audience. But there is a crucial difference between his position and the audience’s: the audience does not *have* to watch and comment upon the amount of material he must watch.

Thus the subjective critic, if he is to fill successfully his role, requires above all a constant, untiring sense of wonder. He must never lose touch with the “childlike” (because unprofessional) delight of the audience.

He must never become sated; he should fear boredom like the plague.

This is not to say he should not call a dog a dog. But he should remember that some of us are dog-fanciers. He should be capable of distinguishing between a dachshund and a St. Bernard.

After all, every dramatic presentation is to some extent imperfect; the critic exists to suggest improvements, not to indulge in vague daydreams about exciting, adventurous theatre, which he would probably dislike intensely if it did *exist*.

When Mr. Westgate presents us with specific proposals for novelty in Edmonton theatre, I will be interested. Until then, I am not impressed by his sweeping condemnations. I would prefer common sense.

And Mr. Westgate might try cultivating a little humility. For in the kingdom of drama Bernard Shaw is a master, while Barry Westgate and the rest of us are merely servants

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The intelligent reader might ask why this article is appearing here and not in a place where it might reach more of the Edmonton Journal’s readers. We assume that a reader that intelligent will also be able to make a number of intelligent guesses for the answer.

We were extremely fortunate in obtaining Mr. Thompson’s critique. The story of how it came into our hands is rather dramatic in its own right, and a story that Mr. Westgate might very much like to “criticize,” if he could have his way.—J.W.

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The Beast Within

by Andy Brook

Golding's *Lord of the Flies* is a thoroughly nasty little book.

Written in 1955 and the first of his major novels, it concerns the plight of young men removed from the restrictions of modern capitalist, Protestant society.

That his book is specifically about only the savages of this century is shown by comparison with his book *The Inheritors*.

He presents both a sardonic parable of modern society, and a black analysis of some urges in each boy, and in us.

Men want to love and to hate, to create and destroy, to enfold and exploit. The ideology of Protestantism preaches the first; the facts and ideology of capitalism, the second. But Protestantism also preaches the value of being radically free, of private conscience, and this really means that it is valuable to be radically indepen-

dent, self-interested, tough, self-sufficient,—in a word, exploitive.

Thus the message of the Renaissance, through its vehicles Protestantism and capitalism, is the message of exploitation of man and nature.

But exploitation carries with it a burden of guilt—guilt so all-pervasive that we often cannot even become conscious of it. Some philosophers of capitalism saw this—Bentham noted that the key quality of man was his ability to suffer.

The radical isolation of man from man, so necessary to the working of a marketplace society, infects the boys in *Lord of the Flies*. It is this perverse isolation of the boys from each that tells us finally that Golding is talking about people of this century and no other. These boys, along with Nazism, psychiatry and 1984, are the inheritors of the capitalist liberalism of Smith, Malthus, Bentham and, unfortunately, John Stuart Mill.

The mental shift in *Lord of the Flies* is the shift in loyalty from Ralph, the young Kennedy, to

Jack, the young Hitler. The question we must keep before us is "Why does Jack win?"—why do the boys escape from the seeming freedom of Ralph's democracy to the psychological monolith of Jack's tribe?

Lord of the Flies begins in Eden, but an Eden already badly scarred. The boys' aircraft has crash-landed—no one is going to enter this Eden 'trailing clouds of glory.' They come not humanly, but via a super iron-lung: the mother of the island's children.

Ralph appears on the beach first and meets Piggy—a name shared with the island's other principal group of inhabitants. Ralph asserts his dominance and the Fall is reacted. They immediately fall to thinking, talking, planning—using the two-edged blessing of language.

Ralph, Jack and Simon set off to explore the island. During this trip they meet their first pig. Jack's threat to kill it brings upon them the awful awareness of the power and terror the killing would bring. England is still

(continued next page)



"... guilt, fear, estrangement and isolation ..."

close enough to them in spirit to make them incapable of dealing with nature lovingly. They feel its primal mystery, something foreign to them. This estrangement is particularly acute when they are dealing with nature's living things. All the themes basic to Golding's novel have been introduced: guilt, fear, estrangement, the excitement that mastery of the living holds, and the isolation of man from his fellow.

RALPH is elected leader. He has the other boys light the first of the signal fires, the links with the adult world and hence a necessary element in his retaining control of the island. A disastrous conflagration develops, burning most of the available firewood and killing the young child who has first mentioned the 'beastie'—the beastie who haunts the novel and who proves Ralph's downfall. Nature too is against the boys. This senseless death causes the guilt latent in each boy to begin to manifest itself. The beastie is indeed after them: the trip of each boy's loyalty from Ralph to Jack has begun.

At this stage, Jack shows a high regard for rules, a position he reverses at the novel's climax, revealing the progression from one society to another. In the first he is taking the position of the self-interested man who needs rules and restrictions so he can go about gratification of his interests; his later action results from his finding other, stronger forces for social cohesion. Jack begins a liberal democrat; he becomes a Fascist. We must remember both result in a lad trained as a capitalist liberal: both follow as the inheritors of capitalism.

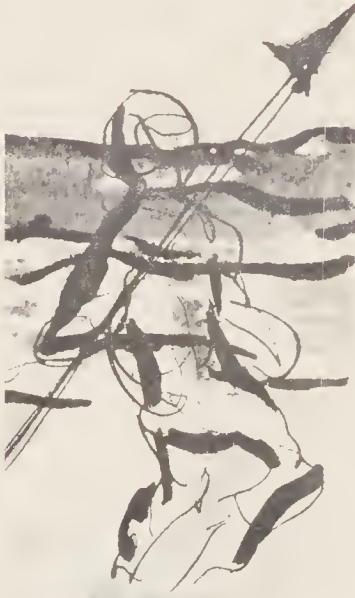
THE boys land on the island either estranged from nature or unconcerned with it. If at all possible, this estrangement must break down. Much of the rest of the novel shows their attempt to build a home on the island.

For the younger children, this is easy. They have a much less complicated heritage to overcome than do the older boys, and soon only in nightmares does the old world show through.

For the older boys there are three possibilities: they can work to regain some sort of at-homeness with nature directly, a sort of love; they can indifferently devour it, as do animals; or they can try to master it, through killing it (the highest form of mastery,) a kind of hatred.

But they also, while attempting the third way, must come to some reconciliation with nature. The third alternative becomes mixed with the first. This is the explanation of the strange love-hate ambivalence that Jack and the other boys display towards the pigs.

Almost by instinct, Jack begins to master the highest forms of life on the island, the pigs, and in the profoundest way, by killing them. We might compare this



to Ralph's more prosaic attempts at mastery through controlling the elements. His building program is a hopeless failure, but more importantly, he too finally gets caught in Jack's blacker program for controlling nature.

CONTROL is exercised in the highest degree when the death of the controlled is brought about. The joys of this control, however, are lost upon the death of the controlled, so both hunting and the results of the hunt are frustrating. Only the kill itself is satisfying. Golding writes of the killing of the mother sow late in

the book, "... Jack found the throat and blood spurted over his hands. The sow collapsed under the boys and they were heavy and fulfilled upon her." Killing is a sexual act. "The Phallus is the sword. The Sword is the Phallus."

KILLING exercises the highest form of control over the killed. It also asserts the manhood of the killers. It lets the boys see that they can achieve profound things; that they are men. This is why killing is sexual.

The difficulty with killing, though, is that it is impossible to come back for a second. Upon killing, satisfaction and all hope for further satisfaction, passes. This creates a gap which the boys fill with ritual dances. The satisfaction of killing lies in the act itself, and not in the receiver of the action. To understand this, we need only think of the current fetish concentration with the sex-act, to the point where the parties to the act lose all importance. The absence of women on the island has a significance.

Killing takes its toll in guilt and fear. The hunters feel hunted—the Beast is already after them.

RALPH senses early that the signal fires are the key to his maintaining the rule of law on the island. Yet the democratic rule of law can no more maintain this fire than it could support his building program. Stronger forces of social cohesion than laws and agreements are at work, forces that Ralph never does understand. The ship's missing the island signals the beginning of the end for Ralph's (and our) way of life. From this point on, it is by no means clear whether or not the choir-boy hunters even want to leave the island. Their new way of life allows them to satisfy deeper urges than England ever could. The desire of men to live in community with other men is the most basic. The argument that follows the passing of the ship also makes impossible any reconciliation between Ralph and Jack.

Ralph is unquestionably the key figure in Golding's novel, and Golding lavishes the most care upon him. It is important to Jack's final victory that we understand this importance.

Ralph represents some characteristic basic to western man living in a non-communitarian society. He comes to the island with a strong sense of individual human rights, as protected through social laws and sanctions. He has a natural sense of leadership and a belief in the correctness of moderate ambition. He is an innocent plucked from the nest of a liberal democratic society, and it is the methods of this society that he tries to employ—law and regulation, appeals to honor and so on. He even has his presidential advisor in Piggy. That this method isn't entirely without efficacy and that much stronger forces for social cohesion are at work, Ralph never really understands.

THE fall from innocence of this Promethean character is a basic pattern in Golding's novel.

Ralph takes his first large step away from innocence when he looks at the boys about him after some months, and "... with a revulsion of the mind, ... discovers dirt and decay." At the same time and not coincidentally, he discovers that Piggy can think; that Piggy is vital to him in some fundamental way.

This puts obscurely one of Golding's basic doctrines; that men need other men to be men, that it is only against other men that a man can define himself fully. Piggy puts the case more clearly: "I'm scared of Jack," he says, "and that's why I know him."

Because Piggy is constantly concerned with Jack, he is forced to find out what Jack is. But more, he is forced to learn what he himself is, just because his constant thinking about Jack must lead him to ask what sort of thing it is that is doing the wondering. Ralph never understands the necessity, even for the maintenance of sanity, of man to man. This is the failure of his way of life.

EVEN Ralph's new consciousness of Piggy's worth is perverted until Piggy again becomes a tool in Ralph's eyes. Ralph remains faithful to the methods of the executive.

The need for definition and something to define against, presents another aspect of the need to kill. When you kill, you not only gain mastery over the very

existence of another, but you also assert yourself in a profound way.

You assert yourself and learn from it because you put your own life on the line. Only through almost losing your life, do you gain it. This deliberate attempt to put your life in danger of being annulled makes you aware of the sort of thing it is that stands in danger of being annulled, and you learn.

But danger is only one way life's very existence can be threatened. In the strange desire to gain a sort of unity with something which is referred to as love, one's existence as a thing in itself is threatened, (this is the case at any rate, in the profounder manifestations of the urge.) This love can be love of humans, of wealth, of country, or even, in a curious sense of oneself. In love, of course, one expects that this self

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NOTA BENE!

If you're taking English 200, you're reminded that in some divisions of the course **LORD OF THE FLIES** is a text.

Some of the points which are raised by Mr. Brook in his article will undoubtedly be pertinent in discussions of the novel in class and in essays. This issue of **INSIDE** is consequently of great value to you.

Professors of English 200 will probably read this article more carefully than you, though, so be on your toes.

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will be returned. But even here exists an ambiguity.

The self that loves might be returned. If it is not, however, then it is entirely submerged in the thing loved. This in patriotism is the phenomenon called Fascism.

Ralph calls one last assembly to try to work out the cause of the rapid decay his world is experiencing. His only hope of successfully reconstructing this world has been to keep a strong link with the old world going. However, on this Eden, "where life is so good that hope is unnecessary and therefore forgotten," this is impossible. Ralph pursues a second course—he tries to talk out the beastie that is behind the erumbling of his world.

Piggy scientifically asks, "What would the Beast eat?"

"Pig," the boys answer in unison.

He replies, "We eat pig."

The lair of the beast is exposed: it lives in the soul of the boys.

FURTHER discussion exposes the beast (to us) as guilt—the haunting, all-consuming guilt of a people alienated from man and nature, and the further guilt of people who, by accident or purpose, break free of the old alienated world. Even though the old way is not good, to break away from it is a further wrong and breeds further guilt—this is Golding's lesson for the rebel. To rebel is to eat of the forbidden fruit: a Prometheus will get his liver eaten out, and guilt is the eagle. Yet sometimes, we must rebel.

The assembly eliminates when Simon, the visionary, who senses the truth, explicitly suggests that the beast might be in the boys. They all reply, "Nuts!" He asks them to think of the dirtiest thing they can, and one of them shouts, "Shit!" They feel a "release like an orgasm." The shared guilt of the way of life from which they have come is the Beast; propitiation for it will be the Lord of the Flies.

NOW that the beast has become this real to the boys, they can hunt it. But since it is in them as well as being outside them, they are in fact hunting themselves. The fear that this incomprehensive development breeds does two things: it unites them as no other catalyst could, and it makes them focus their mutual guilt on scapegoats. None of them can face the Beast alone, so they turn to the society of primeval unity—they turn to the tribe. Here they can escape responsibility. Ralph feels a deep sense of the irrational when this happens. He does not understand the need of man for a community.

Here there are no individuals who see society as opposed to their interests, but who let society have some say because it increases efficiency. The boys who enter the tribe become indistinguishable from their society. They don masks — masks which have other significance as well.

For a man raised to be an individual, interdependence breeds guilt. The boys are not being strong and free; rather, they are entering with their whole beings into a relationship of servitude and mutual protection.

(continued on page 11)

THE



PAINTING



WELLS



A Short Story by Donald W. Wells

I won't be able to describe just how profound its effect on me was. The difficulty is that it was essentially an emotional experience and I have to use words—rational words—to communicate it. And even after all this time I am still very subjective about it.

I discovered it while I was wandering alone through the halls of the building. I turned into a small, dark nook and was suddenly startled to find it radiating at me like a sheet of uranium. It was an opaque, cloudy painting, with nothing so definitely defined as to be absolute—or limited.

Two figures (female, I felt) in cadmium red, dissolved out of a turbulent, dark red and umber background. They seemed to be walking, and one was trying desperately to express something to the other. Her head was tilted back and her eyes were closed tightly in concentration as she strained with all her energy, her every emotion, to explode into words some truth or feeling. Her lips formed an ecstatic 'O', as 'her hands, striving in unconscious coordination, repeated the circular gesture at her breast.

The other figure, though I hardly noticed her because of the compelling attraction of the first, was caught in an attitude of rapt attention.

All this was flung at me so unexpectedly, so profoundly, as I stood transfixed before the painting, that I felt my lungs expand with a sudden gasp of breath. And, as its raw passion unfolded from the dark, bailing reds of the background and the brighter, more vibrant reds of the figures,

I found my body trembling and my eyes filling with tears so that I could not see.

Then I understood. There, caught in the delicate oval of straining lips and striving hands, was my answer. There, captured in canvas and oil, was that intangible essence of life—communication.

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But perhaps it wasn't just the painting that had affected me. Perhaps it was the whole experience of those forty-eight hours. It had been a dreary, lonely summer—working and not much else. And, as happened every summer, I was slowing down mentally.

I had started the summer with good intentions — a long reading list and several ideas for paintings. I had meant to do a lot of painting but couldn't get absorbed. I did manage to complete a couple before the deadly rigor mortis of the mind set in; but they lacked conviction, the sure confidence of inspiration, and I knew it. It depressed me. Before the summer was half over, I found myself wishing for autumn and a return to the mentally active, if hectic, life of university where I could lose my guilt and frustrations in study.

My room-mate Greg had gone to Banff to take drama and I envied him. In the aesthetic atmosphere born of a union of all the arts, I thought I might have been able to find myself as a painter. Actually, I was afraid. I knew how difficult it would be—the long years of training, the self-denial, the dedication. I was not ready to commit

myself to that. I had enrolled in fine arts at the university, knowing that if I failed as an artist, I would at least get a degree out of it.

* * *

One day Greg came home. He had come to see a play and had to be back in Banff the next afternoon. He had brought a couple of friends with him—and Oralee.

Oralee was a dancer from New Jersey. But she didn't look like a dancer. She was small and delicate—almost fragile. When she danced she seemed to float like some ethereal creature, impervious to gravity. But she was borne by a bold conviction. Oralee was a completely dedicated and sincere artist, which both awed and frightened me.

As we were introduced I felt a strange, electric affinity with her. Somehow, even before words, we were communicating. And all that evening, at the play and then at home again, our empathy grew. I began to realize that I needed her. She was the stimulus—the pure, delicate, artistic soul—which could inspire me. And I knew that I must not lose her—not yet. I decided to go to Banff with them. My job didn't mat-

ter. The next morning I felt re-born. Perhaps it was Oralee sitting close. Perhaps it was the anticipation. Or perhaps it was the feeling of freedom to be on the highway again with the white line zinging by us. I

(concluded overleaf)

had never been so awake to the world before. Every sense in my body was alive and yearning. Every sound was music, every vision was a vivid, flaming masterpiece.

Mountains don't get nearer as you approach them, they grow. We watched them grow, saw their rugged faces change and clarify. We watched the town come into view and pass. Then we were there.

The Banff School is climactic! There is music pouring out of every window, paintings in every room and hallway. Dancers, singers, actors, painters, writers, musicians moved in a frenzy of activity, stimulated by the rarified atmosphere of creativity. My anticipation grew.

Greg had a rehearsal at two and Oralee had a dance class. I watched her float through her exercises and interpretations. I ached to move, to feel, to create like her—to know it was right and perfect. After her class Oralee and I spent the rest of the afternoon wandering around buildings, drifting down halls, peering into labs—studying every painting. They were all spurs digging into me, urging me toward a decision. And Oralee's empathy demanded it. But still I was troubled with doubt.

At her door that night, after walking for a long, long time in the cool mountain air, Oralee turned to me and said, "You can do it, you know. You must! You must realize that you **are** an artist before you can be one. You are sensitive. You are aware. But you need conviction."

"I know, I know. But through your conviction, your dedication, I think I could find mine. I need you, Oralee!"

She looked soberly into my eyes and shook her head: "Art can only be created by one. I can't help you. You've got to realize it for yourself."

"But I think I love you."

"No, you love my art," she said gently.

I could say nothing. Finally, I kissed her and we said goodnight.

The next day Oralee disappeared. I checked her room, the cafeteria, her classes. I questioned her friends. But she was gone. Finally, around noon, someone told me that she had gone on a picnic with a musician named John.

I wandered dazed all that afternoon, searching aimlessly. I tried talking to people, but somehow everyone seemed shallow and lifeless. The intense excitement of the preceding day was gone. I had been chasing a dream and it had disintegrated. I was lost.

It was later afternoon when I discovered the red painting. We had missed it the day before because it was tucked away in an unexpected little nook.

I stood there a long time absorbing the pain of realization. Somehow that strange, cloudy painting, with its ecstatic red figures caught forever in the act of communicating, had closed that last connection in my brain. I knew then what an artist was. I understood what Oralee had meant.

In Future Issues of INSIDE

- **Flight into Myopia**—A look at the world of English Teaching by Bill Somers.
- **The Divine Right of Social Credit**—Jim MacDonald's exciting new political theory.
- Poems by Jim Malcolm and others.
- **Sherlock Holmes and James Bond**: A comparison of England's two greatest detectives by Ron Fenerty.

*"... these children
of capitalist England
had to give up their
individuality to live
in a community ..."*

The tribe fulfills for the boys their desire to live in a community. The irony of it is that these children of capitalist England have to give up their individuality to do it. What they achieve, because of this, is not a true community, but a tribe. This is the message that Golding (and Fascism) teach — that men whose whole individuality is to be exploitive have to give up this sort of individuality they have, then they have to give up all individuality and become Fascists and tribesmen. This is the dilemma of our era.

THE role of the littluns in *Lord of the Flies* presents an interesting contrast to all the above. As they become more and more animal-like, they lose most of their importance. By the middle of the book, they have almost passed from view. This strengthens the thesis that Golding's novel is about the 20th century. The littluns have no cultural heritage to contend with, so as soon as they get over the fright any small animal might feel at such a drastic change of environment, they pass into a "passionately emotional and corporate life (of) their own."

They live and die like small animals, with all the concern from the biguns that the passing of animals might bring. The littluns have escaped the hell of modern man freed. They have no value structure that engenders guilt, so they can live with the utter simplicity of young animals. They need no tribe. "Except as ye become as a little child . . ."

But the corporate life of the littluns is gregarious, rather than loving. As for those too young to love, so for those trained not to love gregariousness is the closest thing to love possible. This is the dilemma of Ralph and Jack.

THE first meeting of Ralph and Jack sets up a strange love-hate ambiguity similar to that surrounding the boys' need to kill. Ralph and Jack were attracted to each other, yet each wanted to rule over the other. The devouring-loving conflict occurs between

them, as between the hunters and nature. But the two boys have the further problem of being 'simple separate selves;' come from the lonely society. Love needs interdependence, but 'individuals' are supposed to avoid this, so friendship between the children of capitalism is very difficult. Gregariousness is the closest they can come but this is hopeless.

Two events bring the novel to its climax: the whole eye embracing the murder of the nursing sow, the establishment of the Lord of the Flies, Simon's discovery, and his subsequent murder: this is the first, the second is the theft of Piggy's glasses and his murder

The tribe needs to affirm itself as a tribe. It does this by hunting and killing the brood-sow. The choice of nursing sow and the great joy they take in her murder, cannot be by chance. A nursing mother expresses life at its fullest and the murder of a mother is equally the murder of her children. If it be doubted that this assault upon the Earth-mother is sexual, consider the almost-anal target of Roger's spear.

This particularly vicious and debased assault upon the life of their island carries a high price in guilt. To make atonement for this guilt, the boys don their masks and offer the sow's head in sacrifice. At the same time, they come closer to full satisfaction such as killing alone cannot provide.

THE guilt of this murder also acts as the final and most powerful social catalyst. The boys have to stick together now—even to the point of rejecting the truth that might free them.

The unity of this tribe is immediately threatened. The philosopher-poet Simon happens onto the new Lord of the Flies, black with the ministrations of her serfs, and rediscovers her real nature. As usual the poets are in the vanguard and as usual they suffer for it.

The flies land upon both Simon and the Lord, and he becomes one with it. "His gaze was held by that inescapable ancient recognition." What he sees is himself—as Death, the Devil, all that is black in the human heart. Beelzebub (who is the Lord of the Flies), leaves Simon's heart to enter his mind. Simon knows that he cannot escape the Beast, who is now his Lord, and that the beast is in him, finds himself held by himself in inescapable terror,

and he faints. The flies drink his sweat and the pig's blood.

This begins the long climax of the novel, the Lord of the Flies is not on top of the mountain, away from the boys, but on the stick and in each boy's heart.

Simon runs to tell his fellows that he knows what the Beast is, that he can take them out of the hell they are in, and makes yet another discovery. His friends are beginning the ritual dance after the love-feast. Simon becomes the main attraction.

The tribe bites, punches and claws him into non-existence, and all the more violently because he keeps trying to tell them the truth. This truth they cannot learn or their whole world will fall apart. Their 'society' is built upon precisely those things that Simon wants to explain. His is the crime of a Socrates and he dies as surely for it. Here is the tragedy of the book: only Simon is right of those who die.

SIMON'S murder has a second significance: it is the highest form of ritual sacrifice. All the guilt and fear of the tribesmen can be focussed here; when Simon is dead, then so is fear and guilt. As well, the tribe is asserting its mastery over the ultimate, another human life, even while it offers the perfect sacrifice.

The humans move into a frenzy of activity as they prepare, psychologically and physically, to move into the fort. "Only the beast lay still, a few yards from the sea. Even in the rain, they could see how small a beast it was; and already its blood was staining the sand." Simon's body returns to the sea; nature accepts the high sacrifice and the poet is again at home with his world. Golding says that only by dying can Poets do this now.

To enter and live in the fort, the tribe needs fire. But Prometheus is no longer one of them. Without him and his helper, Science, to give fire to them, they must steal it. Doing so represents the final cut in the tendon connecting them with the old society of rules. Piggy's glasses are the source of their fire.

When Ralph and Piggy go to plead for Piggy's glasses and for a return to what they take to be sanity generally, Roger executes Piggy, thus removing all but one of the disturbing human elements in the tribe's universe.

(Continued on Page 15)

JAZZ NOTES:

*A Brief Intr
by George*

Many people are vaguely aware of the term jazz but ascribe to it all types of music ranging from the now vogueish rhythm and blues style to an up-tempo popular music. Neither of the aforementioned types of music is jazz.

Perhaps it would be easier to mention the elements which constitute the music and you can form your own conclusions. First of all jazz employs a "blue" scale for melody which consists of the ordinary major scale with the third and the seventh flattened. Usually the ordinary major scale is used for harmony. Jazz employs a constant rhythmic variation which paradoxically is not as complex as the rhythms it derives from in primitive African music.

TO BEAT OR NOT

This rhythmic variation or "beat" usually manifests itself in a two on four beat. In modern jazz this is more implied than stated. Although slightly obscure academically, but nevertheless important, is the fact that jazz has its own unique tonal colors.

This is due partially to the instruments employed, but unlike many legitimate or classical musicians, many jazz musicians in the past have been self taught and thus various personal idiosyncracies are evident in their playing that are entirely individual.

SINGULAR SWINGING

For example Louis Armstrong is immediately recognizable in either his singing or playing; but this aspect is not as recognizable between two trumpet players in a symphony brass section playing a passage from Vivaldi. This situation is not as prevalent in jazz as it once was. Today many jazz musicians hold one or more university degrees although an individual approach and execution is sought after by all young players in order to achieve success artistically and financially.

Jazz is unique in that it has been developed and raised by the American Negro

to a maturity which is unprecedented in western popular music. Originally the "field holler," which was a kind of work chant used in the southern cotton fields for communication and to pass the long day was a primitive call and response.

BEGIN THE BLUES

From this modest beginning the blues developed. Most jazz, no matter how avant-gard, has its roots in the blues and would not be valid otherwise. Jazz owes its existence to the first African who was brought to this continent. He was stripped of his culture and forced to forge a new culture in an alien language. Today we are the richer for it.

What then is a meaningful jazz performance? In the case of the listener, I believe it is meaningful when he feels a rapport with the performing artist; that is, the listener feels some emotion generated by the music he hears. I distrust the cool audiences who seemingly are made of stone. A good chorus should at least evince a smile, it usually does with the musician who played it.

On the other hand the musician wants and needs all the aforementioned but he also needs the approval and praise of his fellow musicians. If he does not have this he won't play very well, and his performance will not be meaningful to him. It is impossible for a working jazz musician to maintain a high level of creativity night after night. There are some nights when he has had a bad day and this will show in his music.

TO BE APPROVED

On another night he may play a highly creative solo and his fellow musicians will be supporting him with taste and imagination. It is then that his performance is meaningful to his audience, to his fellow musicians and most important, to himself. It is at this transitory moment that his music transcends entertainment and becomes art.

Introductory Essay Oake, Ornithologist



Inside Needs You Inside INSIDE

You've looked at the major portion of our first issue. And you've either been damning or praising it.

And you've undoubtedly come across something you didn't like. We're not trying to please everyone all the time. That area of publication we'll leave to the Saturday Evening Post and Saturday Review.

That does not mean, however, that we wish to be completely out of contact with you. We solicit your comments in the form of letters and rebuttals. While we will accept initiating comments from students only, the floor is open to professors as well in the area of argument.

We would like to see ourselves in a situation where we can hand out rejection slips. That's an editor's dream when he begins, anyway.

We'd like to see as many contributions as possible. Critical articles, poetry, satires, parodies, verse, short plays, short stories, fables, extended metaphors, lexicographies, graphics, and reviews all have a part in our scheme.

We do not ask that it be journalistic. We do ask that it be literate.

If you can stop the editor between classes, he'll give you a sales pitch, but he's relying upon your initiative.

Drop off your material in a manila envelope to the Gateway offices in SUB.

Any unused material will be returned.

HIBAKUSHI

By Sardonicus

Profaning not the names of gods; in vain
Opposing not Nature's way of things;
Earning not our lives by others' pain
But by our failing, falling fingers:

to us clings
The aura radial to the sodomite,
Usurer and blasphemer. Six still rings
Surrounding widen. Huing blue,
the rite—
Ash, ash and dust glowing in the dark;
The ripping screams and tearing
cries in night.

Seven circles to the hypercore: no mark
Declaring: "Nothing to be here
displayed."

Abandoned the burning sterile plain,
stark
And barren with naked orphans yet
afraid,
Unknowing the lightless fire yields
no shade.

It was said in the after days, then
When our naked ragged bodies ran,
No tree or flower would grow again
Where the sunburst buried man.
Men below gods, and mud above men,
And in the gloom our bodies shone,
Phosphorescent fires on "the plain
Whose soil repels all roots;" now gone
The buildings, the people, gone
the dawn.
No. That's not the truth, for we
remain,

Shunned and shamed. We lived here
when
Came the fiery unrelenting rain.
No one can go there, visit there,
live there,

But the flesh falling from us as we fled
Will mark the way we took, if you
should dare
Follow the finger pointing hellward.

The dead
Disevered joint reveals the turgid maze
Of broken, burning bodies and the
dull dread
Of the still living. Imagination frays
Beneath reality. We would have the end,
But the silent wind and unwashed
dust inveighs
Against it. The leafless branches bend
And creak: "Stay in your world."

It should be clear
The plight of open sores that will not
mend
Is a mystery you do not understand
We fear
All hope's abandoned to those who
enter here.

Too late, too late, to now condemn
The infamy, stupidity and sham,
The old horizon, stretching shame
Of the pillared fire, the muses' damn.
Before the scorching diadem
Was set, this pool was placid, calm,
And here the wild herons came
Without a quiver, not a qualm.
A boy and girl, palm in palm,
To the pool came, before the flame.
Why did it happen to them, to them?
Never can it be the same

TO A BOTTLE OF COKE

By Kent Slater

Ah Coke, the symbol of our modern age,
Drunk straight or mixed by every college
sage,
Our God,
The Twentieth Century belongs to you.
Your shape is godly
But yet is undivine
The symbol of the
Advertising Frankenstein.
The stocks, the bonds
security, degrees.

The symbol of this
and the next centuries
To hell with thought
and heart.
Your iron clad policy
has not one thought for love.
Arranged along the wall
You cry:
"Take me, open me
20 million times a day.
You are the slaves,
And I the heathen god."

THE BALLAD OF PAUNCH AND JUDY

By John Thompson

Come away from old John Paunch
trembling as he prophesies
dooms & dreams & drifting things,
heavy air & crushing skies.

Judy with her own fine jowl
listened with the common dread
sane but petty people have
of the mighty who go mad

She had dogged him in his prime,
his plucky prime; but there he lay,
mumbling in the damp night air
of betrayal & decay.

"Let the trees come down, come down,
or you'll have me crucified . . .
Oh I miss the presence of
those before me who have died."

Judy smirked, "Macdonald's gone,
Christ has slithered from his tomb,
Laurier will sing no more:
you are crazy & alone.

"I am mistress of this house,
you are always in the way:
like that other Fool, get out!
Find a Lear with whom to play."

Oily Judy then shrank back,,
for the old man rose & stood
sturdy as a mindless oak,
slippery as heartless blood.

"Gentle Judy sleek & spoiled,
rotten to your smokestained core,
I will vanquish you again
as I vanquished you before.

"You will slip upon my words,
you will dry beneath my breath,
you will drown beneath my tears;
you have lost control of Truth."

"& it raises tattered flags
in your garden of dead loves—
Miserable Judy, come,
dance, though all you hear be hooves!"

Judy gathers up her broom,
Paunch is ready with his cane,
& too rapidly indeed
blows fall through the air like rain.

Then the trees with horror fell
& the spangled night turned brown
& the curtains burnt away
& the sobbing sky fell down.
(Dominion Day, 1964)

MERLIN THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS ENTOMBMENT

By John Thompson

So there against the black ripe sky
the castle towered as he had
first conjured it: & he was glad
to have created such a lie.

He turned, & in the pattern'd leaves
he almost saw his love's smooth body;
but still he could not quite remember
if actually she were real

or if, for his amusement, after
some gorging dinner, he had made
her out of air to prove his trade
& to convulse the court in laughter.

On his great eyes the sad stars shone:
"Did I make these?" The evening air
blew chill. "I loved their far cold fire—
will they remain when I am gone?"

(Continued from Page 11)

"There is no centre of sanity in mad- ness . . ."

Ralph can do nothing to save Piggy as he dies. A boy who is 'self-reliant', 'independent,' and an 'individual' could not reach over the gulf of his independence and isolation to love or even to save his weaker fellow. And Piggy must die, because he, like his name-sakes, represent exploitation and the exploited. The sole cultural purpose of science is more efficient exploitation of nature and it is Piggy who says, "Life is scientific."

The tribe kills Piggy because he stands for the sterility of the way of life they left and because he too, as do the pigs, serves the need for atonement and social cohesion: the religious and the social motives, respectively. When he hits the rocks, his head splits open and his innards ooze out.

The novel now moves rapidly to a close. Ralph must die now: if he lives, the murders of Piggy and Simon remain unjustified and incomplete. But the attempt at his murder brings God's second deluge, fire, down upon the tribe. The final irony of the novel is that this fire, which ruins the island and which is the direct antithesis of Ralph's fires, is the fire that calls help to them. "There is no centre of sanity in madness."

Even Ralph's rescuer is mad; Ralph can show no joy at his

coming in his great battle-ship. Instead he collapses with relief at regaining hope for the continuation of his own bare existence. And "he wept for the end of innocence, the darkness of man's heart, and the fall through the air of the true, wise friend called Piggy." Piggy was a true friend—but neither he nor Ralph could recognize it until the fall of innocence. This is too late, it is the truest hell, because there can be no turning back from here. "The owl of Minerva flies only at twilight," and Ralph has been to the twilight of the western world. Prometheus has truly lost his protective liver of innocence; and his world, which turns its back in embarrassment at the boy's tears and which gazes out upon a battle-ship, is in no shape to give it back to him.

INSIDE OUT

"So," my conscience said to me, "you're an editor, are you?"

"That's right," I replied.

"Well, for Gawdsake be funny yourself. I'll bet you haven't put one funny thing in the entire first issue of your new thing."

So, Conscience, I looked over the contents of the issue, and I found you were right. It's good writing, every bit of it. It's informative and so on to cliché No. 647, and it never once calls the ignorance of the reader into action. If anything, and rare for a student periodical, it does call upon intelligence once in a while.

That could be the fatal mistake. But my faith in your intelligence need not be too shaken.

My conscience, and every editor should have one or, if possible, two, wanted to know what my intention is.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONSCIENCE

"I'll bet you want everyone to be converted to your philosophy," she said. "To hate sociology and experimental psychology; to come to believe that literature is the end of knowledge; to ignore fraternities; to appreciate the National Film Board and CBC radio; to see simultaneously the absurd and sensible elements in nearly everything that happens."

"Is that my philosophy?" I asked. Sometimes I feel my conscience knows more about me than I do.

"Sure," she said. "You don't always do a good job at acting it out, but you believe a lot of it anyway. That's why you have me. Didn't you know?"

But ever since Barry Goldwater wrote **Conscience of a Conservative**, I've been a bit wary of the word; so, Conscience, if I don't always follow your heed, don't be too worried.

But you're a little bit wrong Conscience, I hope, when you invest me with Messianic intentions. What I want to do is show people the promised land, and then let them perform their own conversion. Tickets for Zion now on sale at reduced rates for students.

RUNNING THE GAMUT

If I run articles on the relationship of Ionesco's plays to the elephant joke syndrome, on Mordecai Richler and the Canadian Ghetto, on Norman Mailer's concept of the White Negro in terms of what is happening on the campus now, and poems that

are sardonic more frequently than lyric, plays and short stories that are not always avant garde, then it is because my interests encompass most of these things.

That is not to say that I will not consider articles outside my field of interests. It might mean, if you're interested in writing on your favorite theme, you might have to lobby a little more strenuously; but, if it is well written, it will be given consideration.

That might even include a defence of sociology, if there is a sociologist in the crowd capable of writing in English. I know of only one, and she's rather busy.

I select sociology, for there is no more insidious discipline taught at the university level, in my opinion. George Orwell and others have demonstrated the destructive influence of a study that leads only to the conclusion that in a mass society no one need accept any individual responsibility "because the group is the important element."

The quasi-scientific jargon sociologists have developed is nothing more than a linguistic mask, hiding a blank and empty face. The psychopathic, or conscienceless, moralizing of the study may be modern, but in that regard I am a conservative.

A GHOST'S CHANCE

I have a recurring nightmare of a sociologist's trying to explain Hamlet. (The analysts have had their day, and we managed to laugh them away.) "Hamlet is, in essence, a sociological tragedy," the nightmare says:

"The alienation determination index reveals Hamlet's societal antagonism is in direct proportion to his mean height above sea level. Unable to sublimate his animosity through constructive channels, he feigns madness, displaying general anti-social determinants."

If there is anything Sociology has done first, it has created the teaching machine. The machine I got my course from looked like a man. It took me two weeks to find out it was a robot.

That's my stand. Anti-robotic and pro-Capek. Anti-dogmatic, and perhaps slightly polemical, but hopefully to be tempered by a dash of wit or humor. (Even editors can mix their metaphors, you'll understand.)

If you're alive, **Inside** will not bore you. It may kill me, but that's my responsibility.

—The Editor.